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1959

NEVADA

HIGHWAYS
and PARKS

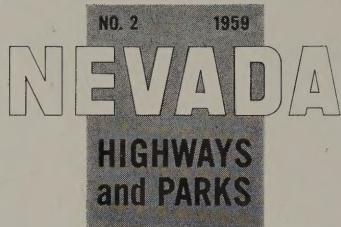


SALUTE

TO

THE

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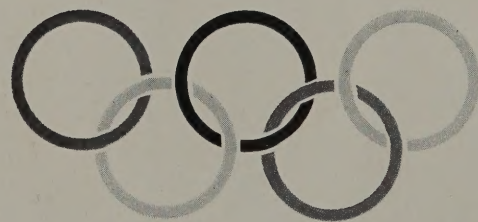
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ICS *Nevada will Join California in*

Playing Host to the 1960 Olympics at Squaw Valley

Everything is set. Squaw Valley is poised and waiting, eager to play host to the world during the Eighth Olympic Winter Games.

A few last-minute touches are yet to be made, but the Nevada hospitality center is about as ready as it will ever be for the massive invasion it will experience next February.

Although smaller than its near neighbor, the sky-filling ice arena, the Nevada building is by no means tiny. Inside its lofty walls, relaxing space

will be provided for hundreds of hungry and foot-weary spectators. Sweeping views may be seen from its two-story windows, notably the one to the south toward the ski jump which is sure to draw an endless stream of eager customers.

The Nevada building, like its less conspicuous twin to the west—the California hospitality center, is aptly designed to fit its setting. Its sharply pointed roof rises steeply, competing defiantly but futilely with the surrounding Sierra peaks. It is a



CRYSTAL BAY... fun headquarters on Tahoe's beautiful North Shore.

STATELINE... fastest growing vacation area in the state, Stateline is busy 12 months a year.

LAS VEGAS... fabulous resort city in sunny southern Nevada, the nation's gayest playground.

WALKER LAKE... fishermen know all about this favored angling spot where the cut-throat grow large and sassy.

CARSON VALLEY... cattle come big in Carson Valley. So is the welcome that visitors always receive.

CARSON CITY... convenient to Nevada's winter resorts — this bustling tourist and government center.

structure which, once seen by anyone scanning the Squaw Valley skyline, will always be remembered.

And symbolically, it is a tangible expression of Nevada's support of these games which, for the first time, will draw world attention to the magnificent but little-known winter slopes of the Sierra Nevadas.

In Nevada, as in many parts of the country, enthusiasm for this 1960 event seemed at first slow to express itself. Naturally enough. Of the seven previous games, six were held in Europe and one—the Lake Placid contest in 1932—is remote in time if not in distance. It wasn't that

people in this part of the West were *against* the Olympics, just that they didn't quite know all the rules of the game.

Another thing—the slopes of the Sierras have only lately been developed as a first-rate and important winter sports area. Merchants in California and Nevada began to enjoy the current land-office business in winter sports gear only a few years ago, about the time that new resorts, trails and lifts began to sprout in the hills like springtime mushrooms. It used to be that for both watchers and doers, actual experience with the cold weather sports was somewhat in short supply.



SQUAW VALLEY...where world attention will be focused during the 1960 Winter Olympics.



RENO...famed "biggest Little City," hospitality capital for Olympics visitors.



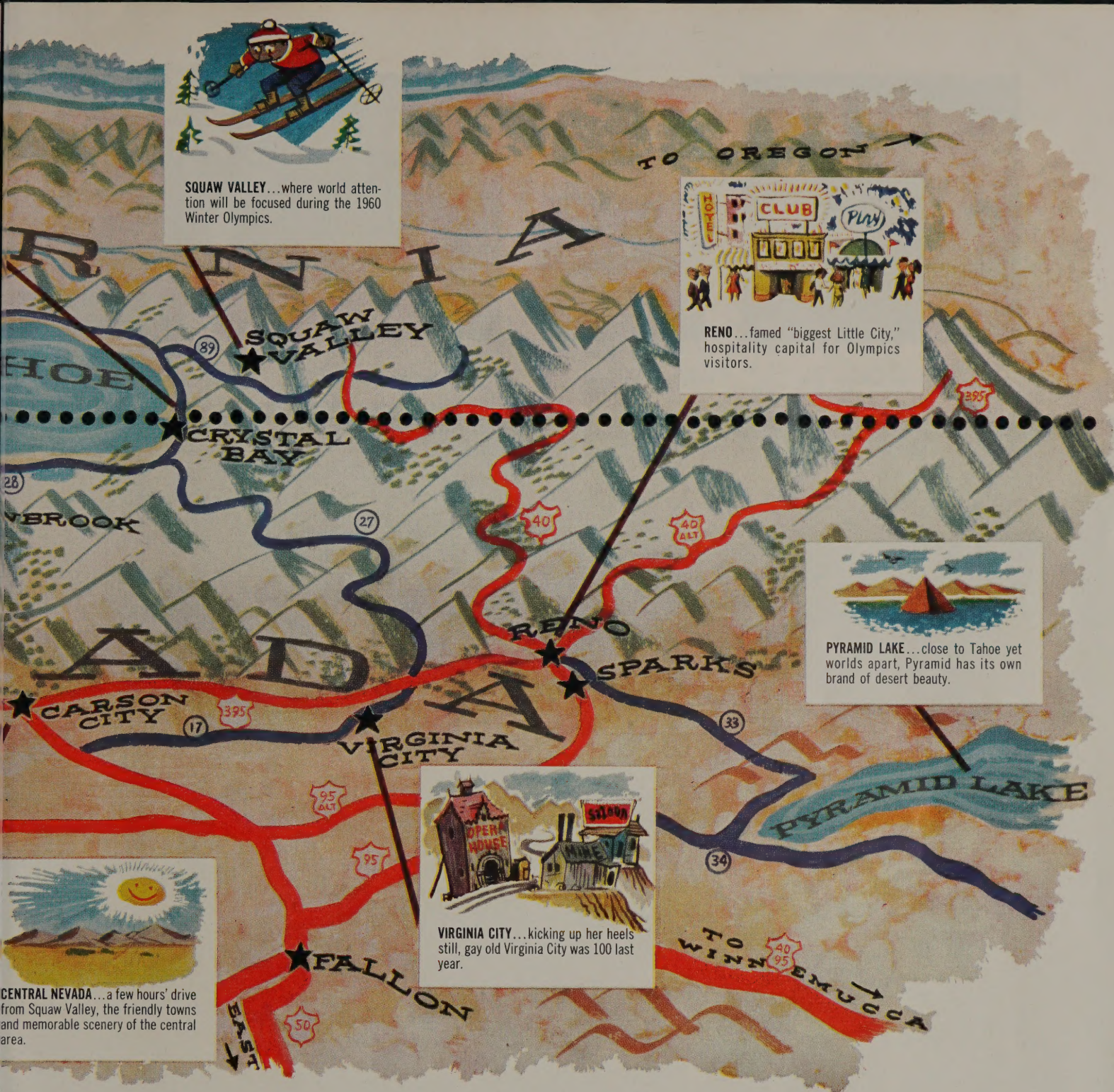
PYRAMID LAKE...close to Tahoe yet worlds apart, Pyramid has its own brand of desert beauty.



VIRGINIA CITY...kicking up her heels still, gay old Virginia City was 100 last year.



CENTRAL NEVADA...a few hours' drive from Squaw Valley, the friendly towns and memorable scenery of the central area.

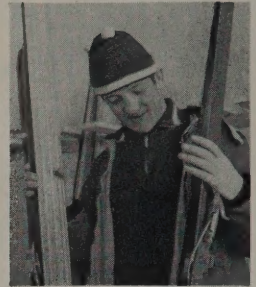
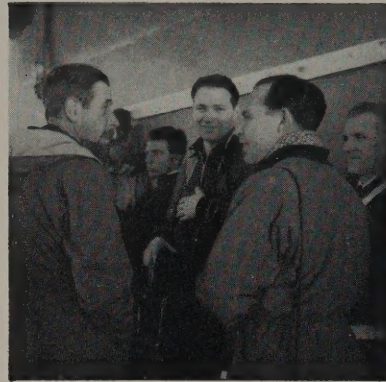


But today the picture has changed completely. The number of avid snow sports fans increases every time there is a respectable storm in the high country. In contrast to the day four years ago when there was a "so-what" reaction to the news that Squaw Valley had been selected as *the* place, every new crumb of Olympics news is now eagerly awaited and names of athletes have become as well known as those of major league stars.

Add to the westerner's new-found interest in winter sports his familiar and well-tested zest for hospitality and a sure-fire combination is the result. Visitors to these games will indeed find a

hearty welcome. They will find themselves surrounded by winter sports fans whose enthusiasm should immediately and, in the western tradition—loudly, be apparent. And they will discover that there is a real understanding today in the West of the basic purpose of these international games—to encourage young people everywhere into healthy and sportsmanlike competition.

Tougher than many people realize was the double task of getting Squaw Valley ready for hundreds of participating athletes, and at the same time providing necessary facilities for thousands of spectators.



At the 1959 trials athletes from . . . many lands gathered . . . became friends . . . put Squaw Valley's . . .





slopes, rinks and runs to . . .

a hard test.



Trickiest part of the job was overcoming weather and geography to transform this isolated and only partially developed area into a fully equipped site for the contests. Access into the valley was possible (until the new highway was completed this year) only by helicopter or via the single, often icy, road which meanders along the banks of the Truckee. Snowfall at the 6,200-foot valley floor level averages something like nine feet annually and during winter months there is never a dearth of stormy, subfreezing weather.

Simply hauling in the raw building supplies, then, was an accomplishment, while putting together the complex of buildings large enough to hold a small city represented a real triumph of timing and planning.

So it is that everything will be ready and waiting for the athletes coming to Olympic Village from every continent this February. There are dormitories with 300 rooms, a comfortable lounge, recreation and training facilities, sauna baths, and even banking and shopping facilities. There is a post office, a soda fountain, and buildings designed exclusively for the upkeep of skis and other sports hardware. There will be special menus for contestants featuring several different kinds of "home cooking." And to speed the hours between contests, there will be entertainment by a small galaxy of American radio, TV, and stage personalities.

For his nibs, the ordinary spectator, the huge ice arena will be the center of activity in the valley. This is a steel and concrete building of striking contemporary design which contains a 190-foot rink and seats from which some 7,000 people will watch hockey and figure skating competition. The south seating stands in the arena open out like oversized gates, allowing a direct view of speed skating on the adjacent 400-meter rink and of the opening and closing ceremonies. These ceremonies will be staged by Walt Disney, incidentally, with all the pomp and spectacle that is part of the Hollywood tradition.

Besides the two large rinks, there are three others for hockey and skating practice. On slopes of three surrounding peaks are laid out the courses that will be used for the six Alpine skiing events and, near the base of Papoose Peak, the 40, 60 and 80-meter jumps. Five ski lifts will transport competitors up to the ski courses on the slopes of Squaw, KT-22 and Papoose Peaks.

Probably most spectacular of all Olympic contests are the ski jumps which will take place in 1960 on this great slope at the base of Papoose Peak. The judges' stand, center, is built on stilts, has several levels.

As viewed from the top of Squaw Peak, Lake Tahoe seems a stone's throw from the ski slopes.



There are other installations, dozens of them—large and small, that could be mentioned for the vital part they will play during the games and after. And although there is neither space nor reason for a complete inventory here, it would be amiss not to mention a few, final items—the parking lot for some 12,000 cars, for example; the press center big enough for dozens of harried newsmen; complete sewer and water supply systems; restaurants and shops, including those at the two hospitality centers. Everything, in short—above and below ground—is ready for the February rush.

In Nevada, extensive planning for the games has been under way for months, climaxing in a feverish rush of preparations during the past few weeks. Center for this activity has been in Reno where hardworking city officials and members of the Chamber of Commerce have worked around the clock to get everything in shape for the February rush.

Also in Reno most meetings of the Nevada Olympic Games Commission and the Olympic Games Advisory Board have been held. Function of these two bodies has been to assist top Olympic planners, at the same time coordinating Nevada's efforts with preparations going forward in California. An unending and varied array of matters had to be solved by the chamber and the committees—simple things like street decorations and more complex problems such as how to entertain hundreds of foreign athletes who will visit Reno following the contests. Rehearsed and ready are the dozens

of Reno volunteers who will greet dignitaries, point out directions and help with hundreds of assorted other chores.

While Nevada has been able to contribute only a limited amount of hard cash toward the staging of the games—as contrasted to the many millions spent in California—hospitality is available here in ample quantity. That the state will be called on to issue this commodity in generous amounts, there is no question. Western Nevada cities will become bustling arrival and departure points while Reno's fine new airport will take the brunt of the Squaw Valley traffic. Some 20,000 beds will be waiting in the Carson-Lake Tahoe-Reno areas for weary spectators and the celebrated entertainment spots on this side of the Sierras will no doubt come in for a fair share of attention.

Yes, Nevadans are waiting eagerly to greet their guests in February, 1960. But they look forward with even greater anticipation to the contests on Squaw Valley's snowy slopes, hopeful that they will be the most successful ever held.

REMINDER TO READERS

If you have not already done so, please return the postcard enclosed with your last issue of the magazine. Otherwise, your name will be removed from our free mailing list after this issue.



Young fry from the neighborhood gather quite often for jumping practice at Squaw Valley. The youngster above has skis crossed which promises trouble. Right, the chairlift to Papoose Peak.



The huge volumes of traffic entering the valley will park on firmly compacted snow. Squaw Peak looms high at the far side of the valley.

Taming the Truckee Canyon



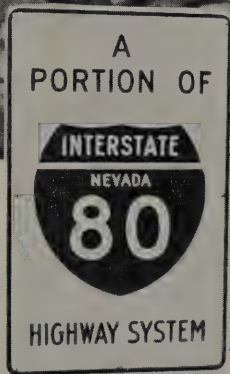
It's a smooth, scenic 25-mile trip now, but to the pioneers of a century ago the rugged Truckee River Canyon east of Reno was the backbreaking first stage of the arduous climb over the mighty Sierras, the last obstacle on the long overland trip to California.

If the old trailblazer, Caleb Greenwood, who led many a party up the winding Truckee Canyon in the 1840's and '50's, could return for a visit he'd find the ease of travel today unbelievable. The hardships he and other pioneers of the era experienced are well described in a passage from the memoirs of one of the Stevens-Murphy-Townsend party who made the trek in the cool fall weather of 1844.

"Then commenced the ever-to-be-remembered

journey up the Truckee to the summit of the Sierras. At first it was not discouraging . . . then the hills began to grow closer together, and the country was so rough and broken that they (the wagon trains) had to travel in the bed of the stream. The river was so crooked that one day they had to cross it ten times in the course of a mile. This almost constant traveling in the water softened the hoofs of the oxen, while the rough stones on the bed of the river wore them down, until the cattles' feet were so sore that it became a torture for them to travel."

Difficulties of this river route were demonstrated again in the 1860's when the Central Pacific Railroad was awarded the contract by the Federal Government to build the western half of the great



transcontinental railroad. After a survey in 1849 by Captain Warner, it was decided that the line would pass east from the Sierras along the Truckee River and north to the Humboldt. Before the line was finally opened in 1869, thousands of laborers were required to lay rails along the Truckee, one of the roughest portions of the route.

Nearly 50 years passed before another momentous change was to take place along the Truckee east of Reno. Not long after the turn of the century, the Central Pacific line was abandoned in the canyon and that grade became the first U. S. 40 route to pass through that area.

Little was done to improve the road until 1924 when the infant Nevada State Highway Department awarded its first contract on U. S. 40. Begun at the eastern end of the canyon, the job included grading and graveling the eight miles from Fernley. A Reno construction firm completed the project the same year for \$45,127.

By 1927 the entire portion of U. S. 40 had been realigned and improved through the canyon, although much of the route still followed the old railroad right-of-way. Not until 1934, however, was the highway paved. The two contracts awarded for the project cost the Highway Department over \$500,000.

Nearly two more decades passed before the most recent and perhaps the greatest change since the advent of the Central Pacific was effected. In 1951 work began on the first section of freeway through the canyon and today—nine years later—a 25-mile, high-speed, dual highway replaces a trail once worn deep by the first travelers going West.

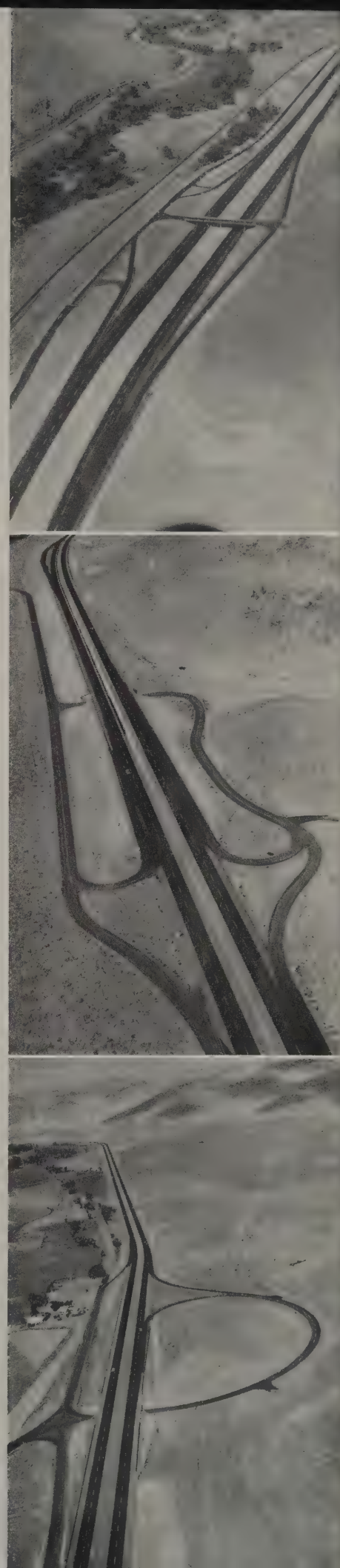
To finish this tremendous engineering feat required the removal of more than 4,840,000 cubic yards of earth and the expenditure of \$7,410,000. Other construction operations used over 93,000 tons of paving material, 6500 cubic yards of concrete and over 1,205,900 pounds of steel.

In addition, a total of 1062 working days were spent in building the freeway, with nearly 760,000 hours of work and over \$2,500,000 in wages going into the job. As a whole, these figures represent the most impressive and most expensive section of highway in Nevada.

The first and third contracts on the canyon freeway were completed by Isbell Construction

A New Freeway Provides a High-Speed Route Through this Rugged River Country

Where sturdy pioneers once forced a slow passage, these new interchanges today safely and comfortably speed traffic through the Truckee Canyon in a matter of less than 45 minutes.



Highway Engineers moved Mountains of Earth— Changed the Course of a River—in this Historic Canyon

of Reno. Four-laning 3.1 miles of U. S. 40 from the Reno-Sparks area east was the initial job. Six years later, in 1957, Isbell began work on a 6.3-mile contract midway down the canyon for \$2,631,673, a record cost that still stands.

Between the two Isbell jobs was the first of two contracts by Morrison-Knudsen Construction of Boise, Idaho. The second M-K project formed the eastern terminus of the canyon freeway. Nearly three million dollars was paid the Idaho firm for its share of the work.

Closing the gap from the last Isbell contract to the last M-K job completed the last section of canyon freeway. Silver State Construction, Fallon, Nevada finished the final 4.3 miles at a cost of \$1,349,737.

Although this 25-mile stretch of freeway is the longest ever completed in Nevada, still it represents only the first link in the 411 miles of 4-lane highways which will eventually span the northern part of the state.

The canyon freeway is thus a preview of things to come—a small sample of the kind of highway design that Nevadans will enjoy tomorrow. Among the engineering innovations to be seen along the new canyon highway are five of the largest underpasses and overpasses yet built in the state, these providing controlled entry and exit to and from adjacent service roads. Of these five structures, one is of a design the engineers call a modified

cloverleaf. This carries traffic to and from a nearby ranch area. Another structure, a modified trumpet type, provides access to roadside businesses and a large ore processing plant. Lastly, there is an overpass for traffic in the Derby Dam area and two diamond-type underpasses for farms near the eastern end of the freeway.

Equally impressive as the size of the project is the engineering skill demanded in completing the canyon route. Two particularly outstanding feats of construction were the large cut made at McCarran Hill, some 13 miles east of Reno, and the Truckee River channel change made near Derby Dam, 12 miles further on.

The McCarran Hill cut, 230 feet deep at its lowest point, required the removal of 730,000 cubic yards of material. Rockslide conditions in the area made it necessary to carve a bench 30 feet wide into the side of McCarran Hill about midway up. There a wire fence was built to keep falling material off the freeway. Over 800 feet of bin-type retaining wall was also installed to provide similar protection for the railroad lying below and closely paralleling the freeway.

A canal 1500 feet long and 100 feet wide was dug to relocate the Truckee and eliminate a long curve in the river near Derby Dam. Requiring the excavation of 97,000 cubic yards of earth, the canal was the largest of its type ever to be completed in Nevada.





Freeways such as this one along the Truckee are vital in providing adequate, high-speed facilities for increasing volumes of traffic in the future. Indicative of the scope of this increase are statistics showing traffic densities in recent years. In 1949 the average daily vehicular count was 2119. In 1954 the count jumped to 3150, in 1958 to 3803 and in 1959 four thousand cars and trucks are expected to travel through the canyon daily. By 1975 it is estimated that over eleven thousand vehicles per day will be using the canyon route.

With the future in mind, the 4-lane canyon freeway was constructed to handle up to two thousand cars per lane per hour. It was endowed with easy grades and long curves where visibility is excellent and given a speed capacity of up to seventy miles per hour. Where it once took days to traverse the river canyon, it now takes less than thirty minutes.

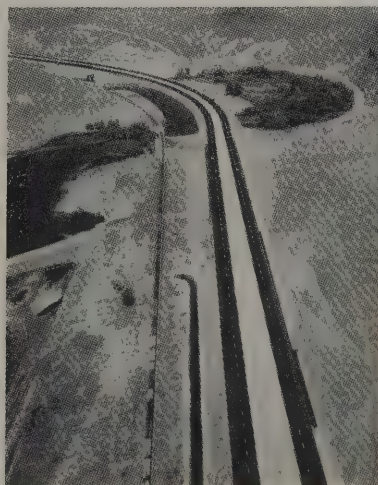
As did the Overland Trail and Central Pacific in former years, the canyon freeway, part of the nationwide interstate network, is expected to encourage migration to the West. But instead of the pack trains and wagons of yesterday, tomorrow's emigrants will be Americans on the move, riding smoothly in cars, trucks, trailers and busses.



Impressive chore was the removal of the 730,000 cubic yards of earth needed to change the two lanes to four on the McCarran Hill portion of this smooth new canyon freeway.



Functional engineering combines with natural beauty to provide the motorist with a scenic and rapid trip through the canyon.



Air views show both old and new in road and river where a channel change in the Truckee eliminated a sharp, dangerous curve in the adjacent highway.





Snowshoe Thompson

He Got the Mail Through—on Skis Over the Sierras!



By EVELYN DANGBERG TEAL

As skiers arrive from around the world for the 1960 Winter Olympics in the Sierra Nevada Mountains, few of them will be aware of an obscure grave at the base of the eastern slopes not far distant. Inscribed on the headstone of this grave in Genoa, Nevada are the words: "John A. Thompson . . . Gone but not forgotten."

It was January 1856 that Mr. Thompson, later known as "Snowshoe" Thompson, began his first trip on homemade skis across the Sierra Nevada Mountains, carrying the mail on his back. Twice monthly for the duration of 20 years he faithfully and punctually performed this task.

Mr. Thompson was born in Norway, April 30, 1827. His father made him his first pair of skis (which he called snowshoes) and taught him the means of survival in snow country. As a young man he emigrated to California where he first tried gold mining, then took up farming.

One day he read of people living east of the Sierra Nevadas who were completely isolated from the outside world during the winter's snow. Again and again, the paper stated, petitions were sent to the United States Government to keep the mails coming through. So far this had not been possible. After considering the situation, Thompson decided

that here was something he could do for the adopted country he so revered—he would carry the mail on snowshoes. Very reluctantly the Placerville postmaster finally gave his consent to what seemed such a foolhardy proposal.

Snowshoe had to make his way over an uncharted route completely buried under 30 or more feet of snow without the aid of compass or map, keeping in the right direction only by holding to the high ridges. The greatest peril he had to face were the savage, blinding blizzards. Beef jerky and a few biscuits sufficed him for food; handfuls of snow, scooped up as he ran, quenched his thirst. Since exercise kept him warm, he carried neither blanket nor coat. When he felt he needed sleep, he built a fire for warmth and for protection from animals. His timetable called for three days going and two returning; the distance, 90 miles; the posts, from Placerville (old Hangtown), California to Genoa, Nevada, then a part of the Utah Territory.

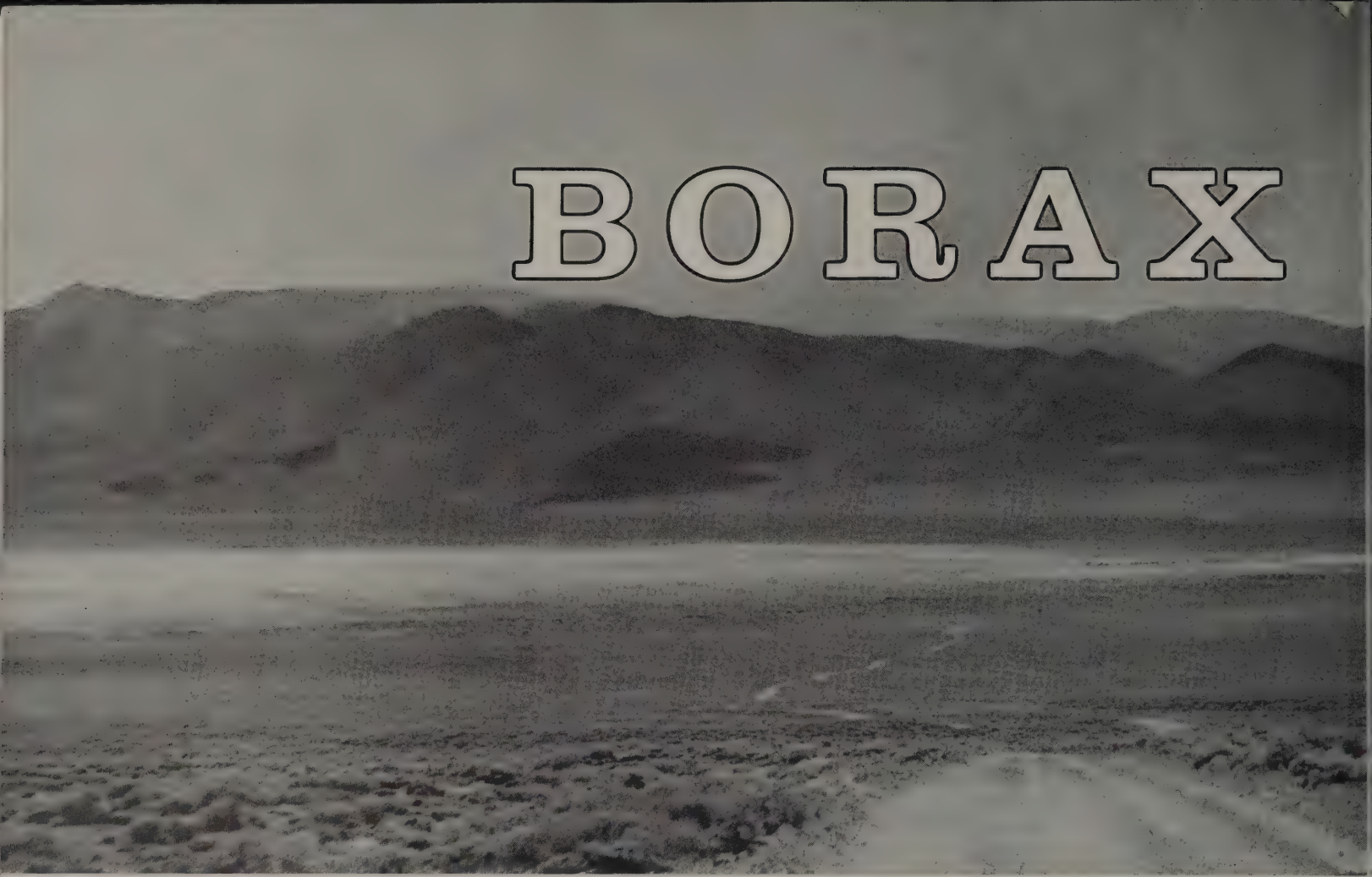
Snowshoe's winter mail route became famed throughout the West. He was respected for his courage and venerated for saving many people from cold death in the mountains.

Today Snowshoe is remembered in many ways: The annual Sierra Snowshoe Thompson Memorial Ski Race, a United States stamp; the valleys carrying names he gave them—Faith, Hope, Charity and Diamond. And in the Congressional files in Washington can be found the records of a bill passed by the House authorizing the payment of \$6,000 for Mr. Thompson's services over 20 years. Before action could be taken on the bill in the Senate, Snowshoe Thompson died at the age of 49 on May 15, 1876.





BORAX



On Esmeralda's Vast Desert Flats a New Industry was Founded

South of Mina and west of Tonopah, almost touching the longest arm of the California border, a triangle-shaped block of highways looms prominently on the Nevada map.

The base of this triangle is formed by an east-west stretch of U. S. 6 between the desert outposts of Basalt and Coaldale, while the sides of the isosceles figure are defined by U. S. 95 and State Route 10. The triangle is centered, like a bull's-eye on a target, over hundreds of remote square miles where once transpired a fascinating but little-known chapter in western history—founding of the borax industry in the United States.

In the same area, at the same time borax was causing excitement, one of the most colorful mining episodes in Nevada's past was taking place.

The country in which these events were recorded contains some of the emptiest, most awesome scenery in all of Nevada. The landscape here is characterized by vast, seemingly limitless white desert flats set apart by sand hills and small mountain ranges, some of which are remarkable for their brilliant and varied colors. Looming like a high wall over all of this is the snowcapped

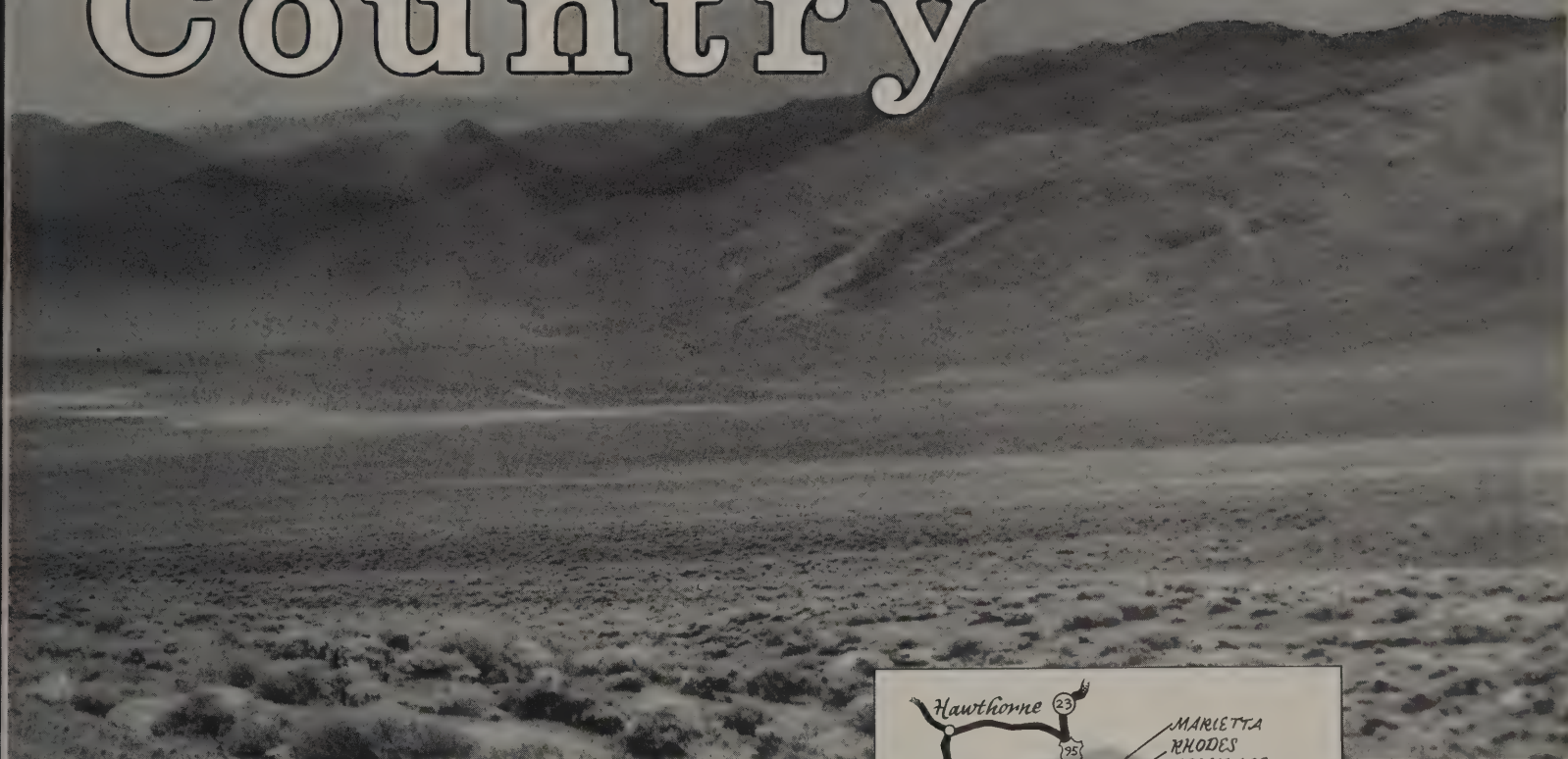
range to the west, the White Mountains. This mighty range is linked to the Sierra system and one of its prominent peaks, 13,145-foot Boundary Peak, is the highest point in Nevada.

It was against this impressive backdrop some 90 years ago, on these white, level marshes (also called flats) that the borax industry was born. In its later phases the scene shifted from Nevada to a geologically related area—to Death Valley, California where the outlandish 20-mule-team wagons were invented and where originated the tales of men in the borax trade that have since taken a place in American folklore.

Silver, not borax, was the magnet which first attracted a thin trickle of humanity to the Nevada marshes. Miners disappointed with their luck in Virginia City had opened up the rich camps of Bodie and Aurora in 1860, and others of the disgruntled had gravitated further south into Esmeralda in search of silver.

Early in the 1860's, promising deposits had been found near Columbus Flat. Simultaneously, rich stores of salt were identified at Columbus and at nearby Rhodes (then called Virginia) Flat and

Country

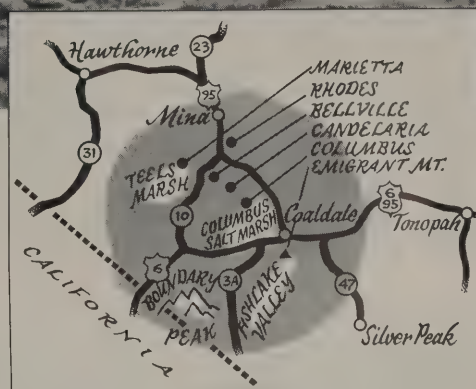


TEEL'S MARSH

a thriving salt trade began. Loads were hauled to the mills at Virginia City, Austin, and later to Belmont, to be used in processing ore. Transportation of the mineral posed a serious problem which was solved when mining officials obtained a fleet of camels to cross the 100 miles of arid land to the mills. The camel experiment eventually proved unsuccessful, but for many years strings of camels would loom into sight on these deserts like graceful, gray apparitions.

By 1865 the towns of Columbus and Candelaria were established and during the next decade an entire galaxy of hopeful, hardworking camps sprang up—Bellville, Metallic, Marietta and Rhodes being among the noteworthy. Inhabitants were mainly foreign-born miners, half-civilized Indians and dozens upon dozens of Chinese coolies imported to perform the drudgery. To live in any of these crude communities demanded optimism, stamina and a total disdain for all the niceties. Life in the borax country would have been completely impossible, in fact, had it not been that the challenge of the West was contagious and everyone had caught the fever.

In the early 1870's, Columbus claimed a population of 450 and Candelaria, about twice this number. Both towns had newspapers and each boasted a cluster of business houses consisting of



bars, sporting houses, stables, stores and a hotel or two. Drinking water was hauled in from the foothills of the White Mountains and peddled at a dollar a gallon, while scrub timber from the area was carted down to run the stamp mills.

One of the mills at Columbus, the first in fact, had been moved in from Aurora by Samuel Youngs who formed a partnership with A. J. Holmes. Had the merger lasted, Columbus probably would not have faded from the scene as rapidly as it did. As it was, though, the two men quarreled and went to court and Holmes was forced out of the company. He got even. He managed slowly to gain control of the rich Northern Belle mine at Candelaria and then cut off shipments of ore to Youngs' mill at Columbus.

Meanwhile, a few miles to the north, on one of the alkali-encrusted flats called Teel's, the borax

Where Mule Teams Hauled their Alkaline Freight... after "Borax"

Columbus Marsh

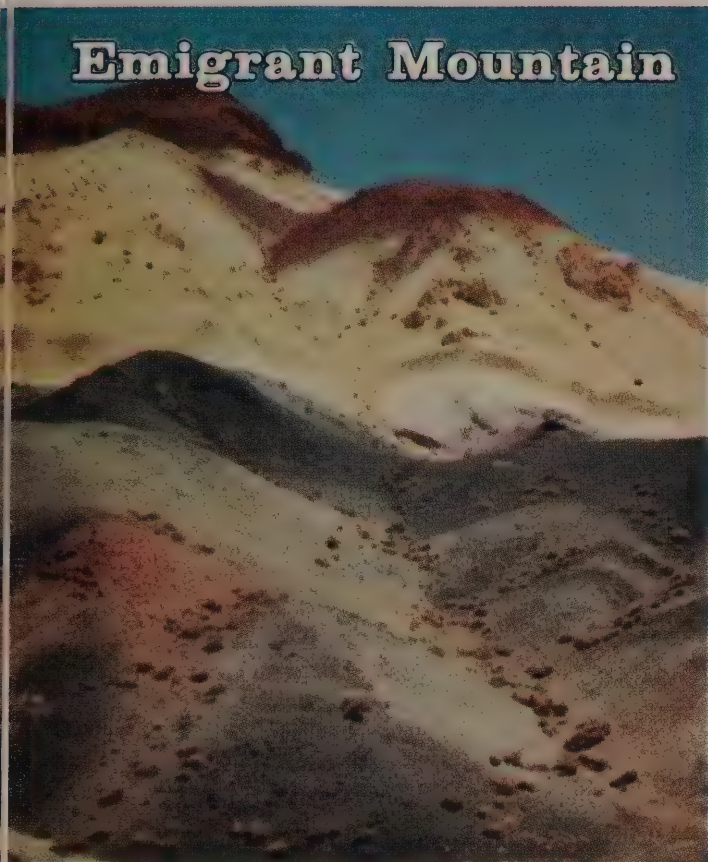


Candelaria



Smith Triggered a Rush

Emigrant Mountain



Rhodes Flat



Teel's Flat



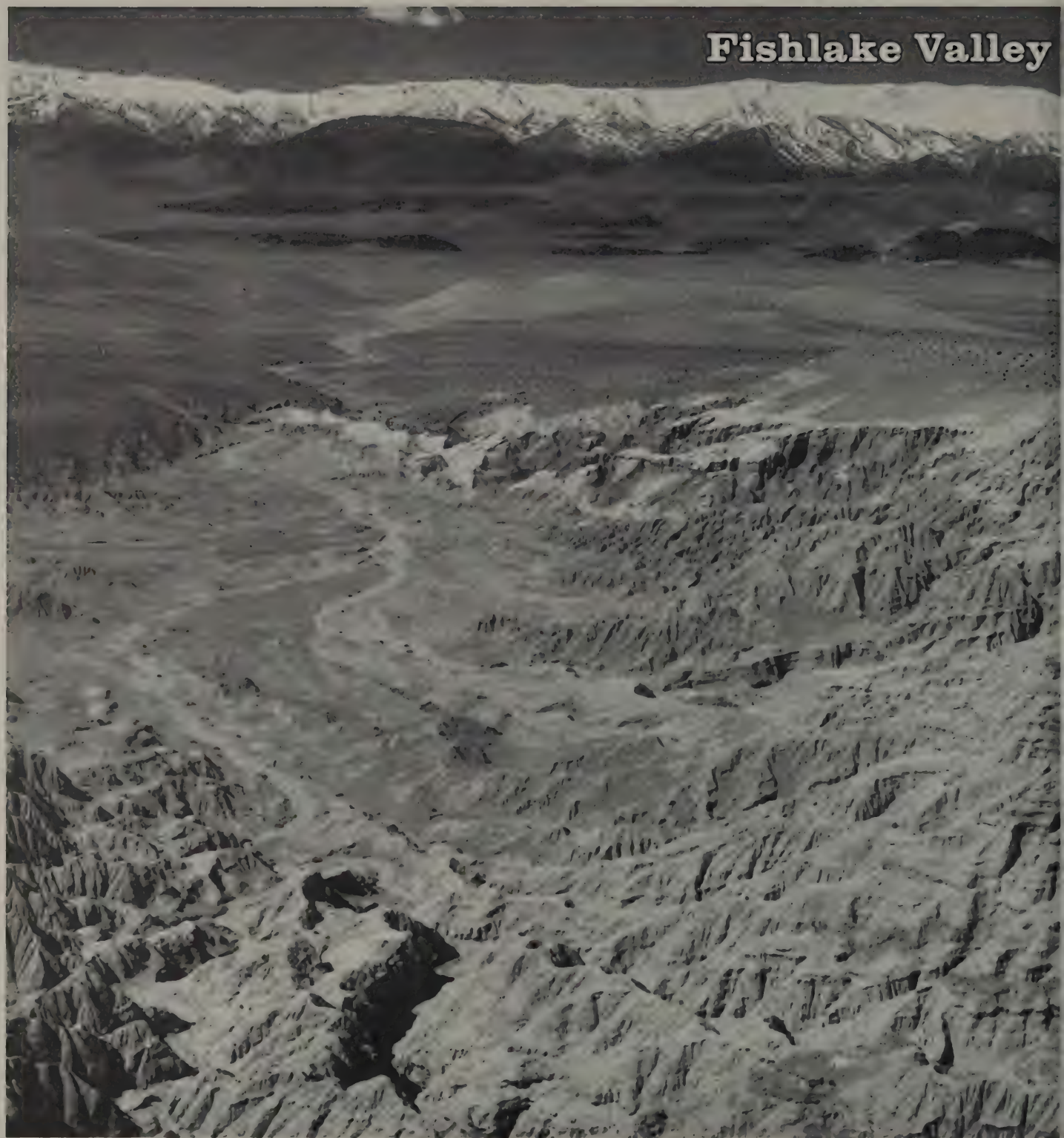
story began in 1872. Actually, borax deposits had been identified the year before at Columbus and at Salt Wells and small shipments of cottonball borax were being sent to a company in California which for several years had enjoyed spasmodic success in processing the mineral in that state.

But it was on Teel's Flat that F. M. ("Borax") Smith found the deposits on which the industry was founded. Smith, a young man of 26, was eking out a living by prospecting and hauling scrub wood to the Columbus mills when he spotted borax at Teel's. Soon thereafter he and his brother, Julius Smith, obtained backing from a Chicago firm and set up a borax plant. By 1873, the works at Teel's were bigger than operations at Columbus, Rhodes and Fish Lake Marshes and, indeed, soon became the most important in the world.

Prior to the Nevada operations, borax was regarded mainly as a drug for which the demand was relatively limited, with supplies coming entirely from abroad. Following the discoveries in California, and those immediately afterward in Nevada, the price of the mineral took a fast nose-dive, and the sudden availability of borax put the international market into a turmoil from which it did not recover for years. The secret—if it may be called that—of Frank Smith's success in borax was that he created a new market. He was one of the first American industrialists to recognize the value of a full-scale advertising campaign—one

Center pages—Boundary Peak, most prominent landmark in the borax country and highest point in the state.

Where Vast Desert Sinks and Rugged Peaks Provided an Awesome



Setting for Mean Mining Camps

of the ways by which the American housewife learned about the powdery product Smith was selling and decided that she could no longer do without it.

Shortly after the Teel's plant was set up, Frank Smith and his brother assumed control of the company and remained in partnership until 1884. In the years intervening, Frank Smith supervised the expansion of his company during a period when the smaller companies in the area were feeling the pinch and slowing or closing down operations. By thus swimming against the tide, Smith strengthened his position and emerged in 1885 as the head of the two biggest companies there.

In spite of a degree of stability that the borax firms provided, the mining towns of Esmeralda were experiencing a dizzy period of ups and downs. The town of Columbus had practically folded in 1875 as a result of the war Holmes had declared on his former partner's mill and the diversion of ore away from it. When he boycotted Columbus, Holmes set up a new mill west of Candelaria and it was here, about 1873, that Bellville materialized out of nothingness.

Holmes was something of a visionary for those times, it appears, and spent vast sums in installing a water system to Candelaria and Bellville from a source in the White Mountains 13 miles away. Arrival of water in bone-dry Candelaria in 1882 was greeted by a celebration almost as hearty as the one which ushered the first train into camp just one week later.

The railroad into Candelaria was a branch of the ill-fated Carson and Colorado which neither began at the Carson nor ended at the Colorado and which, in fact, seemed to go nowhere in particular for no reason at all. William Sharon, one of the Virginia City tycoons who helped pay for the line between Moundhouse and Keeler, California, took a ride on it after the last section was put down in 1883, then told his partners bluntly what he thought about the project. "Gentlemen," he said, "We either built it three hundred miles too long or three hundred years too soon!"

Having both running water and running trains was for the residents of Candelaria a really heady experience. To Bellville, however, water meant the beginning of the end because with water, ore could now be milled closer to the mines in Candelaria.

For the borax operations in Nevada, the year 1882 also spelled doom; for this was the year that another, more profitable type borax—colemanite



—was identified in California. Because it required a different, more complex refining technique, colemanite had no immediate effect on the marsh operation in Nevada. But it set off a series of events which climaxed when Frank Smith in 1890 formed the Pacific Coast Borax Company, predecessor of the present organization. Although this firm was soon to expand its influence to all major markets in the world, it kept an eye on Nevada and, in 1903, built the Tonopah and Tidewater Railroad which for many years was a powerful factor in the state's mining industry.

To all extents and purposes, though, the Nevada chapter in the borax story ended in 1890 when Smith closed down the marsh operations here.

At the same time, declining health of the silver mines spelled serious trouble and in the 1890's several of the former booming, lively camps failed altogether. And so, as it had earlier happened to Columbus and Marietta, it happened to Candelaria and all the towns in the area within a short time—silence, the utter silence which fell and remains today over all of the Nevada borax country.

TRAVEL TIP

To those who may want a close-up look at the borax country described in the above article, a note of caution is advised: Treat the desert roads here with the respect they deserve. Before turning off any of the hard-surfaced highways, inquire locally—at Mina, Coaldale or Tonopah, for example—to get directions and to verify that roads are in safe condition.

The remains of Candelaria are well worth seeing and the dirt road to the camp is marked at its junction with U. S. 95. You will cross intersecting roads before you reach the town—note carefully the turns you make.

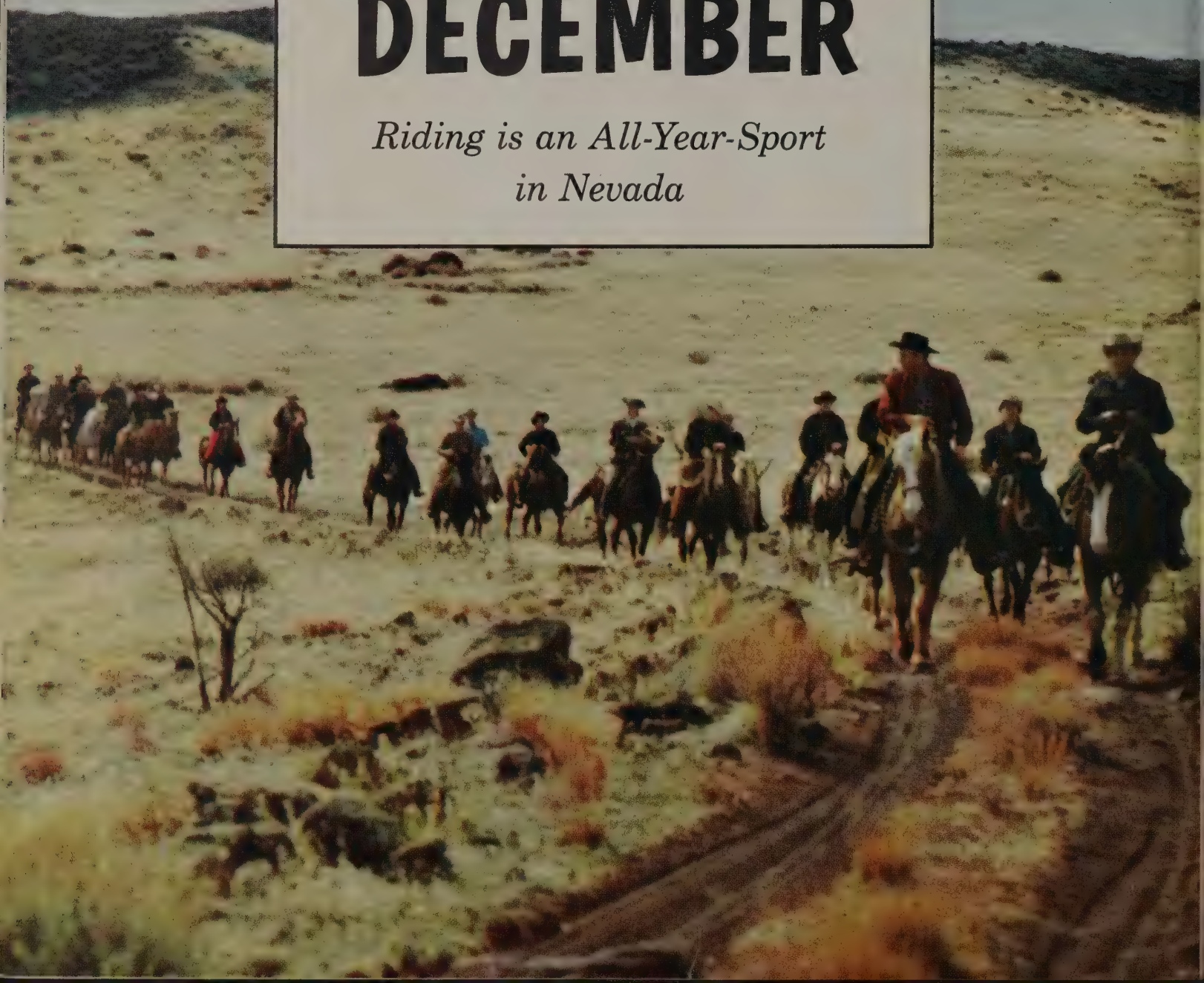
The road into Columbus is unmarked and sandy. Since the old town has all but disappeared, a drive there is not recommended.

Remnants of Bellville can be seen on your left as you travel southwest on State Route 10, about five miles from the junction with U. S. 95. The dirt road to Marietta turns off to the north just before you get to Bellville.

Again, remember to check locally before trying these and other dirt roads into this scenic and historic borax country!

ON HORSEBACK IN DECEMBER

*Riding is an All-Year-Sport
in Nevada*





By LURA TULARSKI

Yank up the cinch straps; it's 8 a. m.! You hit the saddle and buck out the first few leaps.

Winter in western Nevada, winter anywhere in Nevada at 8 a. m., in fact, makes the breath come quick and exciting. Rendezvous at Short's Corner—two, ten, maybe 25 riders, muffled, gloved and long readied. Take the dogtrack trail; first a coyote run, later widened to silver and gold wagon tracks; now yours to explore.

Where in Nevada? Oh, anywhere in Nevada! Ride to Round Mountain, spliced north and south between Tonopah and Austin. Hang by your heels to peek through Lizzie's Window in the Rubys. Girdle the state east and west over the old Pony Express Trail, Schellbourne's Station to Friday Station at Stateline. Discover a jewelled lake, Tahoe, at destination. Only by horseback can you have time to know the Valley of Fire, a long gallop northeast from Las Vegas.

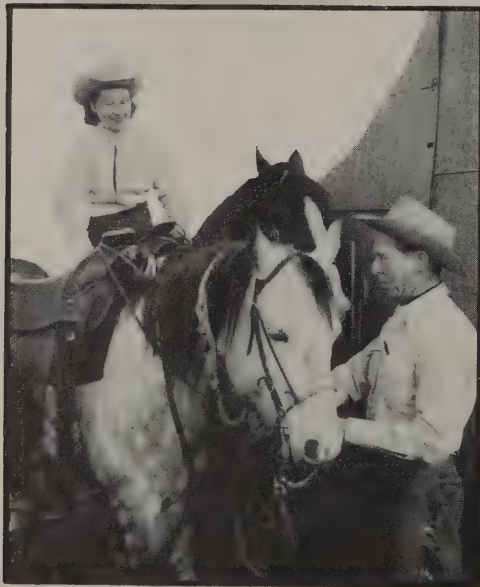
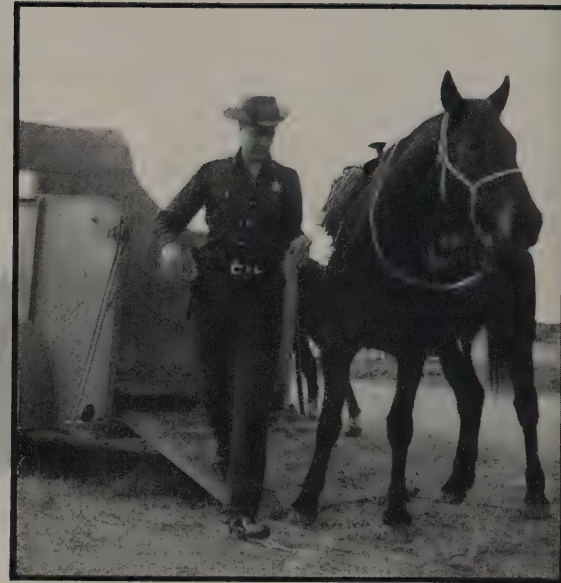
But in the winter you prefer the desert, far away from the white tiaras of the Sierras, the Rubys or Mt. Charleston.

And who are you, holding a frisky morning horse in check? Which way do you go to climb and dip and take the coyote run?

Who are you? You could be a member of any one of several riding groups in the state—the Nevada Vaqueros; Washoe County Sheriff's Mounted Posse; Sage Riders; Nevada State Rangers; Clark County Sheriff's Posse, the Southern Nevada Arabian Horse Association, or the White Pine County Horsemen, for example.

Who would ride in Nevada in the winter? Who likes a winter morning snapping and crackling through saddle leather? Who dares an incipient snowstorm to set the trap for a horse and rider on old Jumbo Road?

The Vaqueros, the posses, the lone riders, the young, the old, the inbound and the outbound, any of the five



to ten thousand horsemen in Nevada. The ticker-tape man; the secretary widespread to her daily chair; the business executive with double chin and paunch—they will ride in the winter in Nevada.

Leave the barn by 8 a. m.; return by 4 p. m. Clipping down the road the blood comes alive and courses its intricate network. First the bandana comes off; then the heavy jacket is tied saddle behind. Stop the horses by 11 a. m. and let the shirtsleeves appear. At 2 p. m. the first jacket is untied from saddle behind; 3 p. m. the outer coat and 4 p. m. return to the corral; now long-toed boots receive their first chill.

Winter riding in Nevada is forever. Noontime suns send minute water voyages through a horse's winter-hair shafts. December; January; February. The horse's hooves break through a knee-deep snow crust and later, days and months later, in a hot summer siesta, remembrance sends back to you that cool crunch, crunch. And you recall how the balmy winter sun coaxed you farther and farther through the mesquite and pinyon pine.

Winter riding in Nevada? Check the coyote runs from a jet-prop window and wonder why you missed that trail, and the other trail, and where does the one go that disappears through the pinyons south of Dayton? From the air Six Mile Canyon looks like an old camel track, but how did you miss the trail that slips into Seven Mile Canyon? A high sky view tells you there are more trails missed than found.

So, winter riding in Nevada is endless. The box canyons, summertime infernos, now await cold weather exploration. Fall to late spring the desert signals, "Come

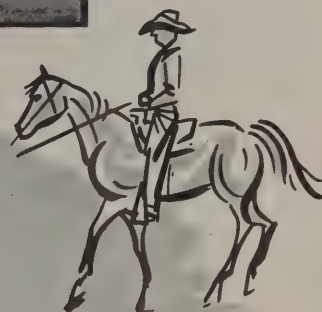


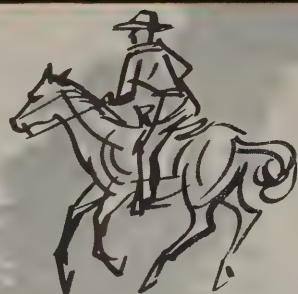
away! Come away!" The desert is as close as saddling up your horse and riding out and back through the winter solstice.

On this December day 32 riders zig and zag in Indian file down a slope; destination—"The Old Hermit's Orchard" sunning in the hills north of Virginia City and east of Reno. Rendezvous there at high noon, remembering all the while the flat where skittish winter horses, curb bit loose, struck sparks from old iron-wheel-worn tracks; where a sudden rounding of a bend sucked in your winter's breath, the valley below too stunning to absorb around that quick corner.

Rendezvous at noon. Flare the campfire and ask yourself, "Who was the old hermit? Why did he come? Where did he leave his youth's nesting? Where did he go when he left? And when? Did he live here alone? Why haven't others grown fruit trees on this western slope of a Nevada winter?"

Thirty-two riders lift their saddles and revel in the pungency of a horse's winter sweat. First the noonday campfire heats its rock corral. The softly blowing horses are cooled and brushed and sparingly watered. Then comes the gathering by the fire. Miraculous feasts appear out of saddlebags. "Try some of these home-canned beans." "Would you like some venison jerky?" "I brought some marshmallows to toast. May I borrow your long stick?" Black coffeepot, knives and forks, then the Bull Durham. Time to relax, to haul down the saddle and lean against its fork in true western style. Sun warmth loosens taut riding muscles. Relaxed now, the riders reminisce. All the trails in the trail-ride book are



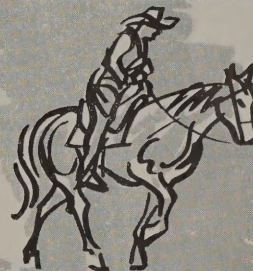


re-ridden and the pleasures and fun of those golden days are shared with new riders on this December day.

Winter riding in Nevada—500 miles, east, west, north and south. Maps are sand-drawn—35 miles, Reno to Pyramid Lake and trailer your horse home. Twenty-five miles, Reno to Dayton, stay overnight and take the V & T Railroad right-of-way home. Thirty-six miles, Las Vegas to Charleston Peak—that is, 36 miles as the horse flies. Trailer your horse to Lovelock, Winnemucca, or out into the lonely winter desert. This is winter riding in Nevada.

It is now 1 p. m. The cinch slips tighter by another notch. Trail boss makes a last-minute checkout. "Is the campfire out?" "Litter cleaned up and burned." "Did anyone leave anything?" Only sand maps, east, west, north and south. Horse eagerness now is not buck-bound but homebound. And homeward the pace is slower. Time for pictures, excursions and conversation. A group or one or two riders peel off here and there to find a new thing they have never seen. What vista holds its surprise until you get there? And the horses, some mountain and desert wise, constantly nose taste the trail. Who traveled the route before them? In Nevada it could be the deer, the cougar, the coyote, the desert fox, or lesser and smaller life. Homeward bound, plans are made and changed and cinched for the winter ride next weekend. A rider with a camera in his poke sends a message down a column, "Spread out while I catch you against those vermillion peaks. When you come around that long, long slope, ride in pairs." And the lengthy column snakes out, 32 riders homeward bound.

Are you riding today in 1959-1960 or are you Kit Carson or Captain Fremont just discovering western Nevada? It takes only a closing of the eyes to believe



you have moved back in time and the flint of horse hooves behind you are your men, two by two, discoverers of a new world.

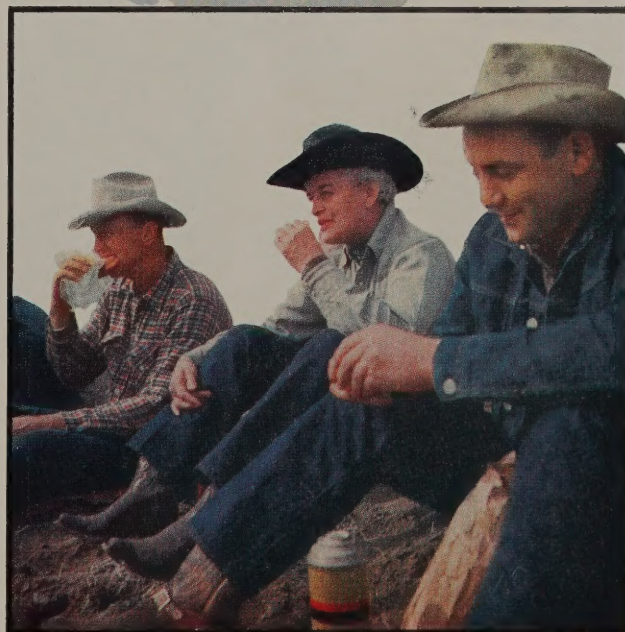
Return to the morning rendezvous is accomplished. Trailers are waiting and the riders stand around in small goodbye groups. But there is a hurry-up urge for home with the sun riding low in the stirrups of the Sierras. Slowly the groups diminish until one lone last rider pulls into the barn.

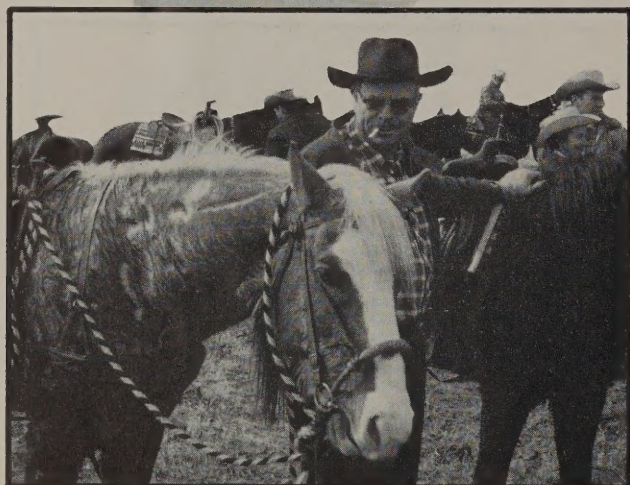
RIDING IN NEVADA

An indication of the growing interest in riding in the Silver State is the fact, mentioned by Lura Tularski in her story, that five to ten thousand horsemen and perhaps a dozen riding organizations are stirring up dust clouds in all parts of the state.

Most of these horsemen's groups sponsor outings of one sort or another during the year, such as the trek into the hills east of Reno described by Mrs. Tularski. These organizations offer hearty encouragement to anyone who shows even the slightest liking for the scent of saddle leather. The Vaqueros, for example, have a trail book listing over 200 winter and summer rides and welcome the opportunity to share their knowledge and enthusiasm.

Interested newcomers can become better acquainted with the riding scene in Nevada in two ways. First, they may follow weekly reports about horses and horsemen in "Saddle Chatter," a column published Sundays in the *Nevada State Journal*. Second, they may mail questions concerning riding in any part of the state to the Nevada State Horsemen's Association, P. O. Box 2547, Reno. All inquiries will be fully and cheerfully answered.





Concerning 200 trails the Vaqueros have explored and recorded, following are a few examples of their listings in the Reno area (distances are approximate, starting point is Reno, and full details may be obtained by writing the Nevada State Horsemen's Association, address on preceding page):

MONTE CRISTO, near Pyramid Lake. Time, 7 hours; distance, about 18 miles round trip. Trailer to near Pyramid Lake, take trail to Monte Cristo Ranch. Countryside abounds in quail and chukar, terrain not too rocky. Plenty of water. Horses can swim in Pyramid Lake.

VIRGINIA CITY. Time, 10½ hours, long way around; distance, about 36 miles via Lousetown. Leave Reno by way of Bella Vista Ranch on Short Lane, lunch at Virginia City. Return via old Geiger Grade, cut across to Short Lane. Water at Virginia City and at foot of Geiger Grade for horses.

HUNGRY SPRINGS. Time, 4 hours round trip; distance, 12 to 15 miles more or less. Trailer to Harold's Skeet Club on State Route 33 north of Sparks. Ride northeasterly to low hills and proceed west through hills. Reach Hungry Valley and turn south to Hungry Springs. Water at springs, few rocks, good traveling. Return southeast around Granite Mountain, directly east of South Hungry Springs. Take canyons running easterly and return to trailers.

DOGSKIN. Time, 9½ hours round trip; distance, 30 miles more or less. Trailer to Old Tie House, riding directly west to Model Flat and then to Model Springs. Turn north over ridge into Red Rock Canyon, ride into McKissick Canyon down to Winnemucca Ranch. Follow road back to Tie House, making complete circle around Dogskin. Interest items: jasper, uranium, wild horses. Water at McKissick and Winnemucca Ranches.

LAHONTAN DAM. Time, 12 hours; distance, 60 miles. Good, flat country, occasional water. Leave Bella Vista Ranch, Short Lane, south to within four miles of Virginia City. Turn east to Ramsey. Stop for lunch at convenient watering hole. Reach Silver Springs for supper, reach Lahontan Dam about 9 p.m., have trailers meet you there. Scenery: desert. Challenge: who can make it!



ABOUT THE AUTHORS

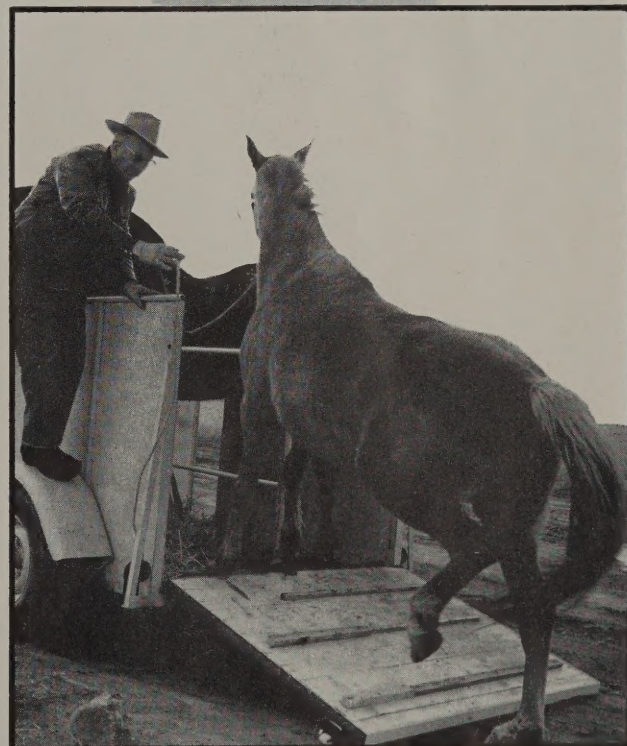
EVELYN DANGBERG TEAL, author of the article about Snowshoe Thompson on page 15, is a native of Carson Valley, near neighbor to Diamond Valley across the California line where the Thompsons formerly lived. Mrs. Teal spent her early years in the Lake Tahoe area, received her teacher's credentials at San Jose State College, did graduate work at Stanford and the University of California, and now resides in Menlo Park. Snowshoe Thompson is the hero of her book for young readers (*Flying Snowshoes*, Caxton Printers, Ltd., 1957).

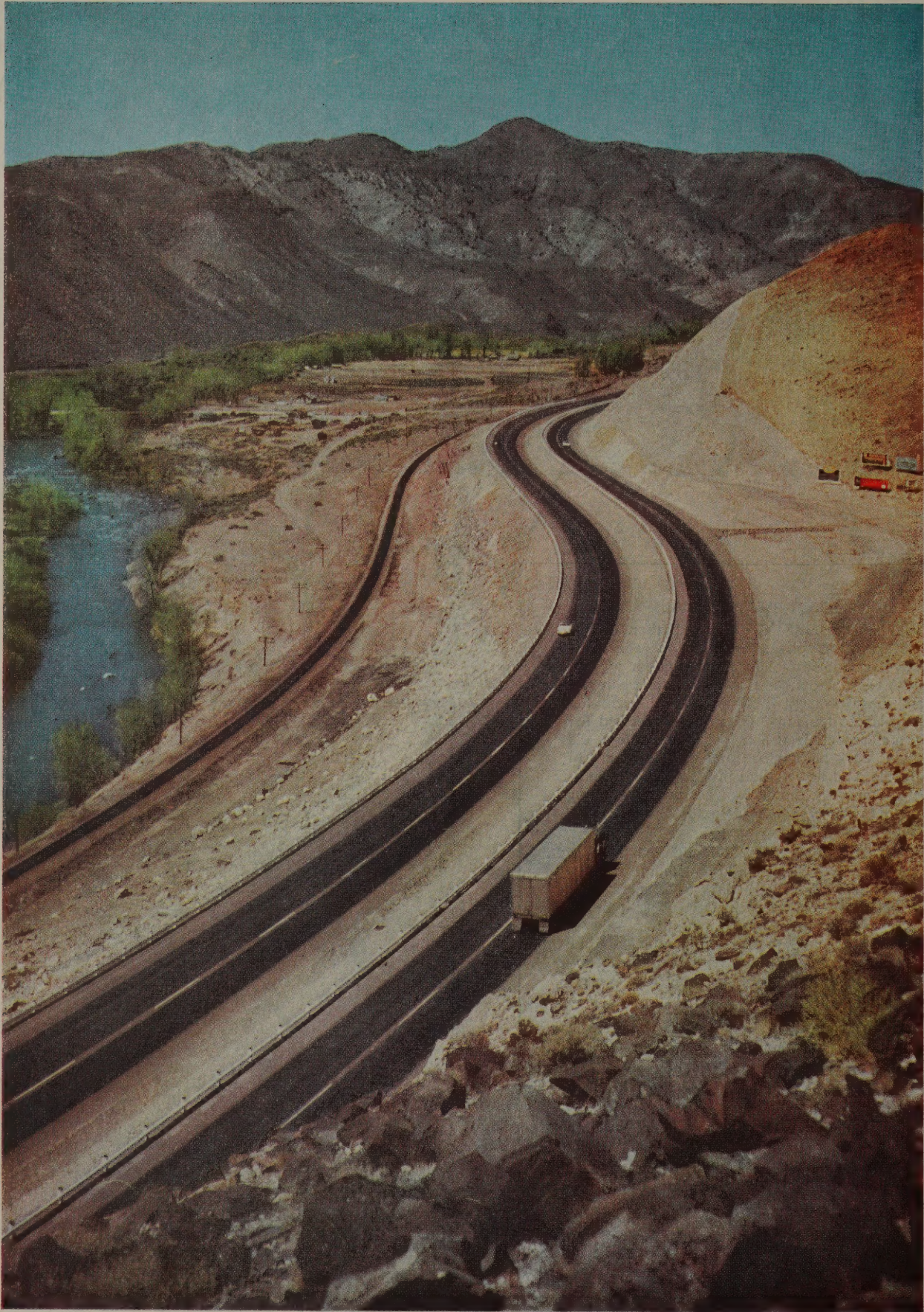
LURA BIDELE TULARSKI, although born in New Jersey, has become an articulate and enthusiastic exponent of Nevada ways as is clear from her article, "On Horseback in December," on page 24. An experienced horsewoman, Mrs. Tularski writes a weekly column, "Saddle Chatter," for the *Nevada State Journal*; edits *Nevada State Horseman's News*; and is the author of a children's book about horses, *Star of Stonyridge*, published in 1948. She is a resident of Reno.

PHOTO CREDITS

SALUTE TO THE OLYMPICS. Panel of photos, top of pages 6 and 7, by Gus Bundy. All other pictures in this article, including the view of the Squaw Valley Lodge on our front cover, by Don Boone.

SNOWSHOE THOMPSON. Portrait on page 14 graciously loaned by Evelyn Dangberg Teal. Small portrait, page 15, courtesy State Historical Society. Pictures for the remaining articles (**TAMING THE TRUCKEE CANYON, BORAX COUNTRY, and ON HORSEBACK IN DECEMBER**) and back cover by staff photographer, Adrian Atwater.





The new freeway in the Truckee River Canyon. See story on page 10.